THE COMMONWEAL

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WHAT DOES RUSSIA MEAN?

THAT more than one hundred thousand applications for jobs in Soviet Russia have been received by the Amtorg Trading Corporation in the United States since the recruiting of workers for Russian mines and factories was begun by that organization, and that more than six thousand skilled American workers will be selected from these volunteers and sent to Russia before the end of this year, is news which presents a double aspect, both of which are of grave concern. In the first place, it is a startling proof of the extent of unemployment in this country among technical workers. Attractive as Russia may be as a field for engineers desirous of taking part in the gigantic Five-Year-Plan, it is of course inconceivable that such a mass movement toward the Russian labor market of our most skilled type of worker would take place if industrial conditions were normal, or promised soon to be normal again. The second aspect of this announcement, which Amtorg made the occasion of some very effective publicity for Soviet Russia, opens up the question of the motive underlying this latest development of Soviet Russia's policy of drawing upon the resources of the so-called capitalist countries in building up its own militant Communism. The official view of this policy, as presented by the Soviet government to the world outside of Russia, and accepted and spread by the rapidly growing body of sympathizers with Communism here and in Europe, is simple, and quite defensible from the Soviet's own point of view. It is that in the preliminary work of building up its own self-sufficing force of technical workers, Soviet Russia needs outside help, and that in order to give its own vast population the goods, and the foodstuffs, which now admittedly they lack, the friendly coöperation of non-Russian workers is needed, and, of course, will be richly rewarded. Stalin is even credited with the intention of aiding the peace of the world by first making Russia productive and prosperous.

But is the Soviet policy quite so simple and well-meaning? At a time like the present, when the pressure of social problems lies so painfully on the world, it is well indeed not to increase that pressure by stressing doubts, or suggesting causes for alarm, which may not be well-founded, yet it would be even more disastrous, eventually, to close our minds to implications, and downright facts as well, which do not square with the innocent guise which the Soviet government presents to the outside world. These sinister implications

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and facts are, however, presented quite frankly to the Russian people themselves, although they are not the kind of stuff which the newspaper correspondents in Russia are permitted to send out. But in the August issue of the *Revue des deux mondes* there is published an article drawn almost exclusively from the Soviet press, in which the use to which the Communist government is putting a large part of the materials, and the workers imported from other countries, is proclaimed to be aggressively militaristic. Persistently and in all parts of the Soviet empire the Russian press spreads the program of the Third International, according to which the working classes of all countries are called on to unite against what is called the deliberate plan of the capitalist nations to crush the Soviet government by armed force. At the same time, the evidence gathered by the *Revue des deux mondes,* in the form of direct quotations from Soviet publications, strongly tends to show that the Soviet government itself is the chief protagonist of international war, out of which it hopes international revolution, with the consequent triumph of Communism, would inevitably proceed.

Commissar of War Voroshchiloff, at the great May Day celebration in Moscow, made a speech, widely circulated in the Soviet press for home consumption, but not reported abroad at the time, in which, in the midst of the vast military display made then not only in Moscow but throughout Russia, he frankly spoke of the decisive blows to be delivered at the capitalist enemies everywhere by the workers' and peasants' armies. In preparation for the crusade of the Communist armies, all the armed forces of other countries must be demoralized by organized pacifism, and the more advanced radical workers of all capitalist countries must be pledged to armed insurrection at the signal from Moscow. According to the *Krasnaia Zvesda,* a Red army journal, "the German proletarians have already taken an oath under which they consider themselves at this moment an integral part of the Red army, and they swear to fight within its ranks in the course of the eventual war." The Executive Committee of the Third International says of the foreign propaganda: "It is necessary to intensify everywhere the anti-militarist work . . . and to popularize the Red army in the eyes of the workers of the whole world." A recent proclamation addressed by the Commissar of War to the Soviet troops of the Caucasus, alluding to the millions of unemployed and the economic crises in all capitalistic countries, declares that the hour for attack by the Communist forces is at hand. The ardent young soldiers of the Red army are exported to fight for the triumph of the world revolution.

Meanwhile, the numbers of the Red army in Russia itself are constantly to be increased. In addition, an organized army of civilians is being prepared to assist the regular troops. The air service, already second only to that of France, is to be supplemented by its civil air service. The Commissar of Aviation has issued an order to hasten its development. Even girls and young women are rallied to the air service. They are instructed, fed, housed and paid during eighteen months, get free travel tickets, and the right to a pension. The Komsomal (Communist Youth organization) have petitioned for six months military drill to complete their military training. Classes in military theory are provided for girls as well as boys. Lessons in ambulance work, surgery and field cooking are obligatory in technical schools. Religious holidays are transformed into days for competitive walks, drills, shooting, swimming and riding. Special journals are issued to all the regiments of the Red army, filled with propaganda for the coming crusade; and the *Krasnaia Gazeta* recently published the terms of a contract by which seventy authors agreed to write articles about the Red army and its mission for the Soviet press.

As Winston Churchill pointed out recently, a study of the imports of Russia for the last two years reveals that there has been a great purchase of materials, tools, minerals and chemicals, essential for war use. It is of course true that these materials are also necessary for the ordinary processes of industry. But what if the home propaganda of Soviet Russia reveals the real policy of the government? In that case, the materials and the six thousand American workers to be sent to Russia this year, may be intended for war—aggressive, revolutionary war—and not for the purpose of peace. At any rate, there is no question now before the world more necessary to answer on the basis of facts and not of mere theories, or dreads, or desires, than the question of the meaning of Russia's tremendous military preparations.

WEEK BY WEEK

Britain Takes a Bracer

CRASHING very precipitately, the Labor government made at least a temporary surrender to the depression. For weeks British currency has been under fire and not even reinforcements to the tune of £50,000,000 could empower sterling to remain its usual self. Therefore the budget had to be balanced, and this in turn meant slashing the dole. Labor could not agree on such a dangerous surgical operation, and His Majesty's advisers took the best way out. A temporary Coalition Cabinet, headed by Mr. MacDonald, will attempt to nationalize the campaign against expenditures. The situation is bad but not necessarily desperate. It is worth noting that the mere existence of the Coalition Cabinet, always something of a patriotic expedient in Britain, is a reminder that the current depression resembles that which followed the Napoleonic era almost to a dot. Then the sons of John Bull hewed their way out by developing and exploiting an empire. Now only one possibility remains—coöperation with Europe, toward the reconstruction of which the British have a great contribution to make which will eventually be profitable to themselves, if the necessary props are furnished in time.

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Though the present difficulties are in part the result of domestic problems, they may be traced as a group to economic and psychological chaos throughout the world. For the United States, the compass points unmistakably to a course of action which may be perilous but which is the only road to improvement now worth exploring. Bolster the credit of struggling nations not primarily with new credits but with the moratorium!

Wanted: More Action

WE BOW to Alfalfa Bill Murray, Governor of Oklahoma. His activities in oil struck many contemporaries as a bit unusual but they may still prove to have been exceedingly wise. One of the nation's major national resources was being squandered, as a result of insane competition, or sold at a price which meant industrial suicide. Thereupon the governor did what everybody has really been waiting for—he stepped in. Fortified by brotherly assistance from Texas, he has held the fort to date and apparently means no surrender. The present situation does not, of course, assist the operators. It does them no genuine harm, either, and may eventually help them out magnificently. What we wish to emphasize, however, is this: while the regulation "big men" of the country have been fuddling about, trying to get out of a smoky and crowded room without stepping on anybody's toes, a plain chap uses a little common sense and elbows his way clear. He may fail because the regulation manner of doing things is too powerful an establishment. But everybody knows that with the proper support Alfalfa Bill would get there, while the federal administration, granted the present rate of progress, will be three feet farther back this time next year than it is now. Possibly Oklahoma is a sign and an omen. Perhaps there will be a bolt from the blue. Nothing could help us better—or do us righter.

Employment's Root

IN THE face of a very careful minimum of word or deed by the administration in Washington which might be construed as an attempt to ameliorate business and social conditions in the United States, we are virtually reduced to clutching at straws in the wind. True as it is that the President alone cannot bring back prosperity or find jobs for the 6,000,000 at present unemployed, yet he is of all persons the individual who has been elected to the supreme position from which to do something, from which to lead, and he surrounds himself with silence and petty complaints of martyrization. It is therefore perhaps significant to have Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ernest Lee Jahncke, close personal friend and adviser of President Hoover, in a speech before the American Legion convention in Wisconsin, come out with a very clear advocacy of the five-day week. "The problem [of our present industrial disorganization]," said Mr. Jahncke, "must be attacked at its root—and that root is the question of how to control increasingly efficient mechanized production. Obviously, we cannot abandon, if we would, the use of more efficient machinery. But there is one alternative, and that is to supply employment by reduction of hours of labor and shortening of the working week while maintaining the present high wages." President Hoover could not bring about this fundamental adjustment of our domestic situation single-handed, but he could do a great deal in leading the people who have reposed their trust in him. Charity in relieving acute distress is one thing, but even greater is the importance of restoring social well-being and self-sufficiency to the nation.

When the Police Are Lawless

THE ALMOST daily increase of spectacular crimes lends particular importance to a subject treated in the current *Atlantic Monthly* under the sufficiently indicative title, "The Lawless Arm of the Law." The author is Mr. Ernest Jerome Hopkins, described by the *Atlantic* as a veteran newspaperman who undertook for the Wickersham Commission "a coast-to-coast investigation of police methods." The commission's recent report on the third degree will have anticipated many of Mr. Hopkins's points for our readers, but the matter is not so easily exhausted that they, or we, can pass by his separate and signed contribution without interest. Speaking for ourselves, we have never been among those who disparaged the general body of the police, and one of Mr. Hopkins's special recommendations to us is the temperateness and caution with which he presents his findings. He not only cites the factors which have gone into the making of the typical police inquisition: "a mass of tradition, a habit as to method that has become a sort of common law of police work, a resentment against shyster lawyers and hence against the law, an ingrained notion that constabulary work is mainly fighting, excitement over an emergency of crime, a sad failure of lower-court judges and prosecuting attorneys to hold policemen within the law, a general lack of real police training, a fairly recent and greatly increasing withholding of public support from the police, a fundamental and quite genuine conviction—bred by daily contact with the outcast classes—that a 'criminal' is not really human and not to be included with general humanity in the sheltering guarantees of the constitution." He goes beyond this to admit that "our police are trying to cope with unspeakable conditions. Some criminals nowadays have an animal-like ferocity which puts the policeman's life perpetually in danger. Policemen are being killed at a rate without precedent. The public, itself afraid to become involved in gang vengeance, turns the other way and does not assist the police. Merely to wear the uniform nowadays requires heroism, and for individual bravery . . . there is no group of men more notable than the American police."

THIS realistic making of allowances, as we have said, impels us to share Mr. Hopkins's gravity over his dis-

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coveries. It is not a discovery, to him or to us, that the third degree exists, of course. But the extent and rootedness of the practice in police procedure throughout the country does come as a shock. To learn that, of fifteen representative cities studied, only three, "Boston (by long tradition), Philadelphia (since 1928), and Cincinnati (of late), showed a total absence of brutal violence from these [police inquisitorial] trial sessions," does really give one a sense of the massiveness and menace of the phenomenon. There are many angles of approach to it, but from none is it anything but deplorable. Though often veiled in the public mind by the factors Mr. Hopkins enumerates above, its unconstitutionality is patent and vicious. It involves the regular extortion of confessions, frequently by torture; illegal detention; and not seldom "routine perjury"—those fine old fruits of the star-chamber session which the makers of our constitution resolutely outlawed under the name of tyranny. It is often unjust, in the specific sense of being directed at the innocent, and by the same margin, is wasteful; witness one fact cited (there are others): that "in the cities of New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Baltimore, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, and the four largest Pennsylvania cities, the police made, in one specimen year, 84,866 arrests on felony charges," of which "the first magistrate who had the chance" dismissed 39,861, or 46 percent. It plainly does not deter crime, any more than its abandonment increases crime—witness the records of the three cities named above. By every law of psychological reasonableness, it must brutalize those of the police who can be brutalized, and must also challenge and provoke the criminal. And, what is perhaps most serious of all, it alienates the general public. One need not have any mawkish sympathy with criminals to be repelled by this method of dealing with them—a repulsion which creates suspicion and aloofness, enhancing further the unhealthy separation of the police from the civic body, as well as definitely hampering their work.

The Home Town

COUNTRY and village life are frequently referred to as havens of security against all the city represents—weakening economic and social ties, anonymity, chaotic leisure, unnatural ways of existing. But where does the city end? We in the United States hardly feel able to reply. The suddenness of the industrial inundation, the waters of which have swept across Texas and North Carolina as well as over eastern New York or northern Illinois, have made most of our surviving rural districts seem like barren cliffs perched high enough to escape the flood but wasted instead by slowly intensifying drought. But the phenomenon is really universal. A Catholic sociologist, Professor Schwer of Bonn, feels that since 1850 a development has been in progress which promises—or rather threatens—to destroy those barriers between city and country which are among the chief characteristics of traditional European culture. The good and bad which the city concocts find their way into even the stillest village houses; old custom surrenders, often quite unconsciously, to new absence of custom. Even the specifically modern vices are as rampant in the agricultural areas, says Professor Schwer, as in most of the cities themselves. Though we may still prefer to believe that farm life is healthier and more normal, for body and soul, than city existence, the line of demarcation is no longer very clear.

POSSIBLY—we venture the assertion with full realization of its tentative value—there has been too much talk of city and country as concrete objects, and not enough about the kinetic energies operative in modern society. After all it would be precarious, indeed, to set up the principle that cities are bad places to live in. Many strong families have lasted and multiplied in them during as long a time as a thousand years; and if Aristotle was right in declaring man a gregarious animal, he might very properly have argued also that man would enjoy moving to town. What we are witnessing is probably a universal displacement of fundamental human energies. Toil which was handiwork and the products of which absorbed a natural rhythm has given way to toil by machines; moral laws reckoned with in as matter-of-fact a way as the coming and going of day have had to endure the shock of experimentalism suggested by a new and uneasy social order. These and other changes have left society planless, and beyond that anxiously aware of the mutability of its projected plans. What the outcome will be when the ferment works itself out, no one knows. But the solution does not seem to lie in going to the country or going to the city. That is merely transferring an ache from one tooth to another. It must come, if at all, from the finding of a new equilibrium between soul and body, between what man is and what he does, between society and the individual, between motion and rest.

The Job and the Vitamine

IT IS the mark of an Original to be both unpredictable and inexhaustible. Surely Mr. Ford qualifies. He may be associated in the general mind with the very process-in-chief of all the standardizing processes which lay waste the exceptional and the individual in our unfortunate world; he may be hailed in Russia as the great stereotyper who cuts prices and increases production by making one gadget exactly like another, or cursed in less progressive communities as the personification and symbol of ruthless uniformity. In his own private and personal manifestations of character, he is unique. And every so often he comes up again with something else. There was the peace ship during the war. There was the Fordian Philosophy of History. There were the editorials on the Semitic question in the Dearborn *Independent*. There were (and still are) the rustic bridges. There were the men stationed outside the Ford factories to sniff the breath of the ingoing toilers for traces of

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alcohol. And now there are the vegetable gardens. Mr. Ford is reported as having announced that his workers will be compelled to grow part of their winter supply of vegetables next year, on penalty of losing their jobs. He will supply land to those who haven't gardens, and experts to those who haven't knowledge, but he will unflinchingly act upon the conviction that "the man too lazy to work in a garden during his leisure time does not deserve a job." Of course this is crassly tyrannical, but we are used to that from Mr. Ford, and we pass that aspect of it by. We pass by, too, the question of whether he is right in asserting that his plan will alleviate the depression. What strikes us at this moment is simply the man's curious gift for making the headlines, right or wrong.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

THOUGH new building may be off as much as 66 percent as compared with the same month last year, we can yet talk about architecture in an abstract way. Now, in fact, is the time to talk about it. When buildings are going up at a terrific rate, architecture is apt to be an afterthought. This metaphorically, as well as literally, may be said to characterize the visible signs of our enterprise in this new country. We have builded hastily, but we have indeed builded some in our three centuries. There are signs, however, that we have passed a peak. Birth-rate statisticians are prophesying an increasingly stationary population quotient. Immigration on a vast scale seems to be stemmed, and there appears to be little likelihood that the great shift in the last fifty years from country to urban living will continue at anything like its past acceleration. This shift no doubt was the cause of many a building boom, particularly of the apartment-house building which has in domestic architecture been the distinguishing feature of the last twenty-five years.

The aggregate of these factors we can imagine spelling doom to quantitative building. As patrons of the arts, however, in our function of a review of literature, the arts and public affairs, we can look forward with some anticipation to an era of qualitative building. As a nation whose present trouble seems to be surfeit of real wealth, we can envisage builders being kept busy in the future destroying their past tentative efforts and building for the aesthetic enjoyment of the people, even though the latter, with becoming modesty, might disavow the intention and talk about the dollars and cents of improving property. In such a scheme of things, the artisan and the architect will be restored to the front of the column and lead the builders and the realtors into enterprise, where in the past they have had to follow on very summary notice.

Any American on almost any American main street, including Fifth Avenue, may see the marks in brick and stone whereof we speak. He will see helter-skelter cubic contents which show every evidence of hurry including a most unblushing use of false façading. He will see red brick Colonial façades or Georgian façades with scaled and carved window facings and cornices, lapse without apology into cheap yellow brick sides and back. He will see stone fronts that defy classification, with inserted plaster plaques, hollow cement pilasters resting on nothing in particular and supporting even less, and baroque stamped tin cornices suddenly stopping shamelessly at the sides, things that instead of fulfilling their function as ornament, whether or not one cares for that sort of ornament, most hideously deform what might have passed for a pleasant serviceable building if only the whole thing had been done in the plain brick.

Of course, so-called modern architecture has made inroads on this sort of fillip in the face of taste and there are many individual buildings by American architects which are stamped with that clear quality of perfection which is beyond dispute or the rigamarole of comparisons; but anyone who is at all conscious of what new building there is going on at present, must be aware that perfidious façading is still very much with us. As overornamentation has always been associated with the decadence of a style, so this one-sided architecture is beyond natural death, a poor thing that never had life, a mere effigy. It is endlessly surprising that architects who have had good training and breadth of experience, will yet lend their name to this sort of work. They of course excuse themselves with a hopeless shrug and the explanation that they were given so much money, so much time and a general specification calling for a swell renaissance palace, so that they had no alternative to tacking a false front onto a box. Others blame it on the lack of a building code in American cities fixing a uniform height for all buildings in a block, a practice signally successful in European cities. This, however, does not seem to be a valid excuse, because the fact is well known that they have no assurance that their façade faking will not be exposed, and as we have suggested, by simply looking the facts in the face almost anywhere one may be warned that exposure will be sure and slow.

Functionalism, organic architecture, and a sort of self-assertive plainness such as Boston girls used to affect before the war as a symbol that they prized mind over matter, are showing signs of becoming accepted by more than the professional aesthetes. Here again though the sanguine kinetic energy of Americans, coupled with a kind of naïveté that can think only in absolutes, is apt to lead the unwary into excess. The first plan for the huge Radio City development in New York was an instance of this. There are Calvinists in architecture who damn a rosette or classic orders as though they were sins and suffer them grimly as signs of unforgivable predestination. We have no desire to be so arbitrary. If American architecture can be persuaded only to abandon the practice of false façading, we care not how much some light spirits may rhyme and improvise in stone and metal, or others stick strictly to Euclid.

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THE MAN OF THE HOUR

By C. J. FREUND

While the distress occasioned by unemployment is rather generally recognized, too little is known regarding the psychology of those affected. In the following paper, by a man whose life has been spent in contact with industry, we are made to see with what fortitude and patience the American laborer has borne the weight of the depression. Mr. Freund concludes that the sanity of the workingman "steadies the country and may be the only reason why we are, after a fashion, surviving the present economic crisis." This, too, is a "psychological factor" of the utmost importance.—The Editors.

IT IS half past two on Tuesday afternoon in a large machine shop. The day's work is done and the men are lined up to punch out on the time clock.

"There'll be nothing for you until next Wednesday morning, Charley," says the foreman. "The same for you, Bill, and you, too, Harry, and you, Jake."

These four men, and hundreds of others in that shop, worked only two days this week and only three days last week. They owe the grocer, the butcher, the milkman and perhaps the doctor and the hospital. What little insurance they carried has been permitted to lapse. Their rent is several months in arrears and they may be evicted, perhaps they have been. But on the following Wednesday morning they come in, hang up their coats and go to work, and only their solemn manner and set faces indicate that there is something wrong.

Or wait a moment in any employment office. A man comes in, a young man with threadbare clothing and careworn expression.

"Anything today, mister?"

He knows the answer.

"Not anything. Sorry. We're laying off."

"How about the mills down the line?"

"I don't think they have anything. Twenty-six of their people were in this morning."

"D'you know of any place? I need a job bad; been out of work eleven months now."

"No, I don't know of a single thing. It's pretty slack everywhere."

"Yeh. I sold everything I could, furniture even. Then I borrowed on the house and then lost that and now I can't get credit anywhere. But I guess there's no use crying or getting excited about it. I suppose I can hang on as long as any of them. Got a cigarette on you?"

And the workman retains his composure in spite of the fact that he suffers more in the depression than anybody else, unless the small clerical worker is equally unfortunate. It is true that wage rates have been generally maintained while salaries have come down and dividends have largely disappeared, but the actual income of wage-earners has been sharply cut because there is little work to do and working hours are short. In Wisconsin, for example, manufacturing payrolls for January had dropped to 56 percent of the high point of 1929 and 60 percent of the average for the last five years.

Moreover, reductions in income hurt the workingman more than the employer and the ordinary salaried man.

"I don't know why you make such a fuss about the men," a manufacturer complained a few days ago. "They are making 65 percent of their best earnings, and my income is less than 38 percent of what it used to be. They are better off than I am."

This is a familiar and fallacious line of reasoning. When the manufacturer's income is reduced it means that he cannot afford a contemplated trip abroad or to Bermuda or Alaska, or that he cannot make investments or buy a new car or build a country home, or he may even have to give up some of his club memberships, but there is enough to eat and to wear for himself and his wife, and for his children, if he has any. But as soon as the workman's pay is reduced, he and his family must get along with less meat, vegetables, butter, milk and bread.

The Family Welfare Association of Milwaukee allows the following monthly budget for a family of five, parents and three children of school age. A family of three children is taken as an example because sociologists point out that families must average three children in order to maintain the population.

Food	$25.75
Clothing	18.90
Rent	25.00
Fuel (average)	5.79
Light, water	1.75
Household supplies	5.00
Household expenses	10.00
Insurance	2.00
Carfare	4.00
Total	$98.19

This, of course, is merely a relief budget and does not include medical and dental attention, educational expenses, societies, recreation and other items required for a full, normal life. On this basis, a common laborer, who earns $.50 or $.55 per hour, works 200 hours per month and accordingly has an income of $110 or less, cannot stand much depression. Even the skilled mechanic earning $.80 or $.90 per hour is hardly secure.

Recently I investigated the case of a family whose monthly requirements for the bare necessities of existence were $97.20. The father's earnings had averaged $39.00 per month for three months. His wage rate

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had not been reduced, he was merely working on a short schedule of hours because of the depression. And any social worker will testify that this is by no means an unusual case.

Besides, the employer and the salaried man can usually anticipate the future with a fair degree of accuracy, while the workingman is afraid every morning that he may be laid off in the evening and lives in an agony of uncertainty and fear from day to day and from week to week.

This strong man who, like Samson, is holding up the economic and social structure while experts climb about it in a futile effort (so far) to find out why it is crumbling, hardly appreciates his service to the community. The people do not acclaim him and call him great. There is nothing to spur him on except his own excellent common sense and heroic, infinite patience. He could destroy our civilization in a day, he suffers more in the emergency than anyone else, and yet he receives no thanks; we do not even take him seriously. When the depression has passed he will be grateful for the good fortune, he will come home from work in the evening, eat his dinner and help his children with their studies, if he can. Then he will light his pipe, read the sport section and retire. And the credit for the recovery will go to others who understand personal publicity.

Consciously or unconsciously, the American people are waiting for a strong man to master the depression. As a matter of fact, he has already assumed control. He is so different from the typical spectacular and picturesque strong man that nobody has paid any attention to him. He is extremely modest and unassuming, has played no part in public affairs, is no orator and seldom speaks at all; he has never been interviewed for the newspapers, has never been photographed, has never written for the magazines, has never spoken over the radio, has never been awarded an honorary degree. The strong man in the present emergency is the American workingman.

The workingman has not solved the problem of the depression nor can he be expected to. But his sanity steadies the country and may easily be the only reason why we are, after a fashion, surviving the present economic crisis.

In spite of acute and widespread suffering caused by the economic stringency, there is no indication of general collapse or catastrophe. Citizens have confidence in the federal government, the state governments and generally in the local government, although they may not respect individual politicians and the political system; the value of money remains stable; well-dressed, healthy people throng the streets and go about their business—or what is left of it; shops and department stores are open and if they do less business than usual, it cannot be noticed by the casual observer; railway and elevated trains, street cars and buses run, we get our mail and our telegrams, telephone service is normal, policemen patrol their beats, firemen put out fires, murders and burglaries are apparently not increasing, everybody believes that prosperity will return—some time—and the teams of the American and National Leagues strive for the pennant as merrily as ever. Our institutions undoubtedly call for reforms but it is not likely that they will be destroyed by violence.

All this is true because the workingman wills that it should be so. This strong man holds us in the palm of his hand; we depend upon him for existence. If he refused to do his work the nation would be instantly demoralized. He provides food, builds houses and brings us fuel, water and light. Life without the physician, the lawyer, the banker and the bond salesman is possible, but life without the farmer, the builder and the carrier of burdens is out of the question. If two hundred millionaires with all their money were isolated in a forest or on a fertile plateau, they would soon starve to death. Two hundred workingmen of various trades would get along very well if they had their tools. They might never be willing to return to a more complex civilization.

Again, the workingman controls the situation by sheer preponderance of numbers. In 1920 there were 28,028,804 male persons "gainfully employed" in manufacture, agriculture, mining, transportation, public service and other industries in which the workingman predominates. If two-thirds of this number were skilled and unskilled workmen, a conservative estimate, then there were 18,688,192 workmen in the country. This is more than half of 36,920,663, the total male population of fifteen years of age and over. The figures are different this year, but the proportions are probably very nearly the same. If half the adult male population roamed the streets with bombs, clubs and firearms they could do untold damage.

"But you can't organize great numbers of workmen to harm people and wreck property on a grand scale like that." I can almost hear you say it. Imagine then, what two hundred desperate, bold men could do to New York or Chicago in ten minutes by means of a few hundred pounds of high explosive, skilfully placed in the switchboards of the electric power plants and the pumping engines of the waterworks.

Moreover, records show what they can do. Damage caused by strikes was a national problem in the depression of 1907. The metal mining industry of the Western states was almost ruined by labor trouble and open fighting in the depression of the nineties. The Haymarket riots occurred just before the end of the depression of 1884. Railroad stations were burned, cars and locomotives were wrecked, tracks were torn up and strikers and soldiers fought in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Maryland and Ohio in the great strike which marked the long depression of the seventies.

The workingman today does not indulge in destruction, but is strong in patience, self-control and good sense.

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A NOVELIST IN RETROSPECT

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, German fiction was nothing to boast of. It had been unable to renounce the charms of Walter Scott, or to dodge the downpour of sentimentality characteristic of the age. William Dean Howells said that a Teutonic novel was like a toothache, and all things considered his was an accurate estimate. But since that time a remarkable stride forward has been taken. Reliving the war was, perhaps, the German fiction-writer's greatest opportunity, but he had others too and, among these, dramatizing the spiritual experiences of his people has been one of the most important. Throughout the nineteenth century, culture and religion had been drifting apart in all the European countries, and nowhere more noticeably than in Germany. By 1890, however, an era of search and rediscovery had been inaugurated. The influence of Nietzsche is one phase of this activity; the appearance of a German Catholic literature is another phase.

Such a literature could not emerge without woful birth pangs, the history of which may be followed by those who care to do so in the career of Germany's greatest Catholic editor, Karl Muth of Hochland. Our point here is that it did emerge and that the first proof of its existence was a novel by Enrica von Handel-Mazzetti, an Austrian noblewoman who until that time had been working quietly as a poet and a student of history. "Jesse und Maria" created almost incredible excitement, partly as a result of the theme the author had chosen.

For the first time, a novelist had told the story of Catholic-Protestant conflict by utilizing the actual records of an inquisitional court. And so objective was her own work that the question as to whether or not either protagonist had been favored started a great many debates. These sometimes became acrimonious enough; but after the Holy Father had sent his blessing to the author, and after leading Protestant historians had underwritten the accuracy of the treatment, the book was free to abide as a work of art in the proper sense, which lived spiritually because the truth that it manifested was testified to by universal human experience.

This truth is the redemptive value of love, which happens to have become in a peculiar way the essential discovery of all true German mysticism. The Baroness Handel-Mazzetti placed at the head of an early book Thomas a Kempis's maximum, "Magna res est amor." Modern German literature has reverted again and again to the same doctrine. It underlies the fine work of Rilke, especially "Das Stundenbuch"; it is the perennial motif adopted by Franz Werfel, as his recently published, "The Pure in Heart," will suffice to show. Finally, even the great prophetic genius of Stefan George recognized that this is the heart and center of what literature has to say in our time. From the Catholic point of view, the emphasis upon Divine affection led naturally to a rediscovery of tradition, approached now as a manifestation of life in the complete religious sense and not as a social norm. By absolute spiritual tests, it matters little whether the age of Saint Francis or of Saint Louis had settled its economic and moral problems better than has our own. What counts is that human existence was moving on at a pace which made such careers as theirs possible and effective.

The name Handel-Mazzetti is Austrian, and the family has blended German, Hungarian and Italian blood in the best manner of society under the Hapsburgs. Born in 1871, the Baroness Enrica may fairly be said to have grown up gorgeously. The opulent Danube valley is majestic enough at the old city of Linz, her birthplace; and beyond that it is studded with romantic scenery, old towns, baroque monasteries, ruins and shrines. To the south and west Austria is almost matchlessly rich and beautiful, with Salzburg on the one hand and Steyr on the other, but it is rich and beautiful nonchalantly, in its own curious fashion. The Austrian is sometimes a proud individual, particularly if he happens to be Tyrolese, but he is very seldom a flag-waver who would do well selling an American suburban development. He can be a decimating critic without turning revolutionary; he will smile even when he is in deadly earnest.

All these influences were about the Handel-Mazzetti family. In addition, deep religious currents were moving swiftly, some of them so old as to be almost conventional and others which were brand new and would give a startling account of themselves. The baroness was, therefore, settled in a time and place where anyone with a genuinely hungry mind and heart could be fed. And first came a book which many still like better than any of her others, "Meinrad Helmperger's Denkwürdiges Jahr" (Meinrad Helmperger's Memorable Year). A Benedictine monk is forced to play host to a wandering English boy, whose father is a notorious free-thinker of Chesterfield's time. How the poor priest loves this bright, pert little fellow, so much a pariah in these stern monastic surroundings! Both suffer, but the affection is proved right, after all, in the end. Before the reader gets that far he sees a vast and dramatic panorama move slowly toward tragedy, out of which Divine and human loves are resolved in harmony. The author had drawn not a litle of her knowledge about the English from the Englische Fraülein, a religious order of British parentage established in Austria. She had dug out other historical information patiently and bent it all to the uses of her intense dramatic instinct. The book is still

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too sentimental—still too much in the older German mood. But it is deeper than its author herself may have realized—robust, alive, searching, plumbing human foundations.

Then came "Jesse und Maria." Here, for once, she had achieved perfectly her own form of objectivity. The drama was given. It had happened, every detail was supplied by history. Nothing remained but to render it understandable, by discerning the goal toward which it really moved and sweeping into it tremendous gusts of life. Jesse, the young Lutheran proud of his faith and learning, aware of his personal charm and the importance of his family; Maria, the woman of the people, having only her husband, her children and a boundless confidence in her own Catholic faith: these two battle to the end, which is nevertheless not victory but discovery. And round about them the baroque setting of their lives seems to exist only because of them, despite all its own intriguing magnificence. The book must be read objectively. It is a record, with a meaning. The reader, whoever he be, will tend to falsify it by introducing his own sympathies and convictions. But in the end, he will know, if he has been a discerning person, that this falsification was a mistake. Maria is every human soul privileged to advance. And by participating in that improvement, that conquest of self, we also profit. There is no other lesson, no other point.

I shall confess that translating "Jesse and Maria," now available in English, was to some extent an unmanageable task. To begin with, no version of the Austrian dialect, which adds so much to the flavor of the original, was possible. How could one transfer into some English folk-speech the soft, quaint patois of the Danube land? How refashion an idiom to which centuries have given definite individuality? But possibly straight conversational English is not a poor substitute after all, since the British are psychologically not unlike the Austrians. At any rate, the dramatic narrative carries even a translator along with it, rendering needless conscious attention to style for its own sake. For my version no claim need be made, excepting that the sixtieth birthday of the Baroness Handel-Mazzetti was being celebrated abroad with real enthusiasm and that I felt we over here might becomingly join in the festivities.

"Jesse und Maria" had created a great literary reputation, to which the critics, the reviews and the historians of letters duly paid homage. It was sustained by a third book, "Die Arme Margaret" (Poor Margaret), which has a striking compactness and almost brutal force, but in which the past is mirrored far less serenely than in the earlier Handel-Mazzetti novels. The baroque contrast between supernatural idealism and gross naturalism is made so effectively that the reader's pleasure in the story vanishes. A soldier hero is caught on the spit of his own passions; these in turn are absorbed by the tempestuous storms of religious feeling round about him. Again, as in "Jesse und Maria," it is a man and woman who suffer but who, in doing so, are redeemed.

This theme is the only one Handel-Mazzetti developed. Characters and circumstances change in her books, but the central issue abides. For her this was, in a measure, the result of a mystical conviction that all human life mirrors the Passion of the Saviour. Whatever may be the self-sufficient value of this idea, one cannot well doubt that applying it within the ordinary limits of fiction is a trying effort. The later novels of Handel-Mazzetti do not indicate that the author's powers had flagged, but they let us see that her ability to summarize life objectively has, to a certain extent, been exchanged for a habit of seeking to express subjectively held ideas or aims through an arranged reality. Once or twice she had nearly become Shakespearian; now she was definitely a Jonsonian. To be sure, that by no means implies that her later work is without great value. But that work is on a lower terrain than her first books, and in literature the terms "lower" and "higher" are not precisely relative.

"Stephana Schwertner" is a three-volume romance the heroine of which is an Austrian girl who died a martyr for her faith. Outspoken advocacy of Catholic principles governs the narrative, which incorporates impressive historical research. But the reader feels that all is a pageant, arranged for the sake of effect. The "priceless something" which makes a novel live flickers throughout but is no longer a creatively reconstructive force. We may sum up the matter by saying that while "Stephana Schwertner" has inspired one or two historians to write dissertations on the background it evokes, it had made nobody insist upon running around the block, shouting. "Das Rosenwunder" has a more varied and colorful story, but it lacks the power of the earlier novels as well as a theme as appealing as that of "Stephana Schwertner." The critic dislikes saying these things, because they too often lead others to ignore the genuine merits of books deserving of esteem.

Viewed as a whole, the work of Enrica von Handel-Mazzetti has been of almost incalcuable value to Catholic writers of fiction. After Sienkiewicz, who was first of all a patriot, she wrote to prove that the novel was not necessarily a secularized product—that it could be used, indeed must be used, to incorporate spiritual verities and religious experience. This fact was not lost on Rome itself, where the Jesuits sponsored her work enthusiastically and endorsed it again and again in the *Osservatore Romano*. But it was even more a sign to the outer world, which discovered that it could not merely stomach a Catholic story-teller but might even discern in him or her a fruitful energy of compelling importance. Since that time we have witnessed the production of much fiction in the shadow of the Church. But as yet little has appeared to challenge the leadership of "Jesse and Maria" and one may fairly doubt that much will appear. The human race is not often a great artist.

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THE IRISH PROVE THEIR SANITY

By JOHN MOODY

THE IRISH FREE STATE is now almost ten years old. It was not, however, until about seven years ago that the many disturbing political and financial "loose ends" were so adjusted that the new government could function smoothly and with confidence. It was even later than this before banking and financial centers like Lombard Street and Wall Street took the new Irish régime seriously. While, from 1921 to 1927, billions of dollars of American capital were being sent across the seas for investment in Continental Europe, in Australia and Japan, and also in Central and South America, very few in Wall Street were giving thought to the new Irish Free State as a possible field for safe investment of capital.

Late in 1921—about the time that Lloyd George carried through his settlement with the Irish—I happened to be in London, and I talked with several conservative British bankers about the prospects for the new Irish Free State. All but one of them (that one was himself Irish) expressed, in effect, the following view:

"Don't take the Irish Free State too seriously; it won't last five years. The Irish can never run a government; they cannot even keep themselves in order. They will be at each other's heads in no time at all. England has had to keep order there for three hundred years or more, and it's absurd to suppose that they can, free-handed and without any experience, organize an effective government and keep it organized. As for public finance, how can the Irish handle that? Great Britain will have to step in and save them from themselves in a very short time."

When I expressed my doubts of the accuracy of this gloomy picture (for I am an American and have always found our Irish natural-born rulers and organizers), the bland reply was something like this:

"Well, the Irish are not Anglo-Saxons, they are not Protestants; they are Catholics. And you can't have efficiency, you can't have progress, you can't have stability, where Catholics are in control. Though the new Free State is to be a part of the British Empire, and thus in a degree will possess a background of strength, yet it will never display the stability of, let us say, Australia—a typical British colony. Australia is Anglo-Saxon, Protestant; Ireland is Catholic—that's the difference. There is little hope for it!"

This same view, of course, percolated through Wall Street, though certainly to a far less degree. Though America has an Anglo-Saxon heritage, we are at least partly an Irish nation and our banking and investment group-consciousness is broader than that of some of those sturdy and insular Britishers. We in America of Anglo-Saxon heritage have largely sweated out the ancient prejudice against the Irish. Our grandfathers may have laughed at them, but we love them, and far more often laugh with them.

Along in 1927 the Irish Free State had so far put its house in order that it ventured to float a dollar loan in New York, borrowing $15,000,000 on a 5 per-cent bond issue to mature in 1960. These bonds were underwritten and listed on the New York Stock Exchange and were first quoted at 97½. They did not become popular at first; evidently only Irish-Americans were investing in them. The typical dealer was saying to his customers:

"Why buy those Irish bonds? That government is entirely new and may blow up any minute. If you want a good, high-grade foreign bond buy some of the new Australian 5s, which are selling at the same price. They will be above par in a few years, but the Irish bonds might then be down to $.50 on the dollar."

Australian credit was then high in American banking circles, and the new Australian bonds were easily distributed all over the country. On the other hand, the Irish Free State bonds were looked upon with doubt and suspicion. But as time wore on, the Irish bonds gradually crept up in price and the demand steadily grew—while the Australian issues began to sag off. By 1929 the Irish bonds were hard to buy in quantity in the New York market, and the price was holding strong; but it was easy to get the Australian at declining prices by the million.

That was over two years ago. What has happened in the meanwhile? The Australian bonds—not the Irish—have been selling recently at $.50 on the dollar, and those of some of the states and cities have been down to $.30 and $.40; some issues have defaulted in interest payments and the Australian Commonwealth is at this writing in practically a bankrupt condition. On the other hand, the Irish Free State bonds are one of the few foreign dollar issues which are quoted at a premium, and even in the hectic investment market of this past summer have sold above 107—nearly ten points above the issue price of four years ago. Whereas investors in Australian bonds have lost from half to two-thirds of their principal, those who bought the Irish bonds a few years ago are enjoying the sensation (truly extraordinary for this year of Our Lord 1931) of possessing a profit! Instead of the Irish bond sinking to $.50 on the dollar, as was so freely predicted by many dealers, it is the Australian issues that have slid into the abyss!

With this picture before us, the solemn pronouncement of the London bankers back in 1921—"You can't have efficiency, you can't have progress, you can't have stability where Catholics are in control"—seems ridiculous enough. As a matter of fact it is just the reverse of the truth; for the one fundamental fact that under-

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lies the constructive record of the Free State, is the Catholic culture of its people. The thing that stands out is that the moral law still rules with the Irish. When the Irish Free State assumed its $15,000,000 obligation in 1927, the dominant note of its leaders was that the credit of their new and untried commonwealth should be carefully guarded; it was a moral obligation into which they had not lightly entered. They were honest; and honesty to them meant more than mere "policy," for being Catholic in their background and age-long traditions, they were, for the most part, simple enough to hold honesty higher than "social experiment" and the bringing on of the millennium.

Australia, on the other hand, during the past quarter-century—and especially during that decade of world-wide recklessness which culminated two years ago—had been indulging in a frankly materialistic program of Socialism, progressivism and modernism, largely at the expense of the homely virtues. Wastefulness and extravagance, political graft, incompetency and stupidity have been as unmistakably evident in Australia in recent years as they have been in these United States; and with infinitely more disastrous results, for Australia has nothing like the resources and reserve power of our own country. This is no indictment of the Australian people as a whole, for they are intentionally honest enough; but in these modern days non-Catholic religious and "humanist" influences do not penetrate deeply enough to influence greatly the social body, as undoubtedly the Catholic faith does in the Irish Free State. There are plenty of bad Catholics in Ireland as elsewhere; as there are bad Protestants everywhere. But the good Catholic lives his religion in business hours; and in a Catholic culture most Catholics are "good" Catholics.

There are, of course, other factors influencing the relative positions of these two countries at the present time. Australia, notwithstanding its era of waste and extravagance, its rash social and financial experiments, might still have preserved its credit to a considerable degree had it not been for the arrival of the great world-wide economic catastrophe which, with its gigantic international problems, bids fair to wreck the Western world if some superior statesmanship does not soon appear. But on the other hand, the Catholic Irish people, after more than three centuries of chaos and unsettlement and struggle for their rights, and directly in the face of the great economic cataclysm, have steadily built up their credit with the outside world, and are calling forth admiration from every unprejudiced quarter.

It has been said that the Irish Free State had the unusual advantage of starting off with no heavy liabilities, such as heart-breaking war debts, which are so great a burden to every other nation. This is true; but nevertheless the Free State did not start "scratch" in 1921. The new commonwealth was inaugurated in a sea of troubles, with internal dissension, factional quarrels, long-drawn-out disputes over the boundary question, and with a country which had to be completely modernized and brought up to date in its lighting, electric power, transportation and mechanical facilities. And today also it is having its troubles; it is feeling the pinch of the depression; the great Shannon River power development has been costing double the original estimates. But it has been astonishing the world by balancing its budget at a time when not another important nation is really doing this—though in this worst of years the government is of course finding it hard to keep revenues up and expenses down.

Unlike Australia—and many other countries—the Irish Free State has built up no long record of extravagance, wastefulness and graft. For the most part it has put its house in order in a truly rational way, and has managed its affairs with rare political and financial skill. The Shannon River power development has been carried through to practical completion, thus equipping the country for unlimited light and power; it has consolidated its railroads, greatly improved its highways and its telephone and telegraph facilities, and made real progress in a program for industrial development.

Especially enlightened has been the policy of public finance. In setting up its financial structure and incurring foreign debts, the government so arranged its sinking funds and redemption plans that the big American loan of $15,000,000 has now been withdrawn from foreign markets to the extent of nearly 85 percent, through conversion into internal bonds held mainly by the Irish people. Thus the total debt to American investors has now been reduced (after only four years) to about $2,500,000. This process was going on while Australia's debt to America was being more than doubled!

It is high time the old superstition was exploded that Catholic countries are always backward—because they are Catholic. The Irish, with their sanity, are proving the reverse to be true.

Depths

Thread the soft threnodies of song
Like some long waving green
In a deep cave,
And passing through the surface wave
Of sounds and sights,
Lave in stillness
Musical with motion
And pale beams,
Down green green depths of dreams
Float where wan light
Gleams on buried treasures:
Fantastic hopes of youth,
Archaic shapes,
And ruins overgrown with curious tendrils,
Strange growth of green
In the sea's green—
And lie upon the ocean floor of thought
In a cool cave, serene.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

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A CALIFORNIA PAGEANT

By ANNE MANNING

ONE DOES not expect to come face to face with romance in surroundings where size, speed, and cost seem to be the measure of all things; yet "twixt the desert and the sea," in sunny California, there is a background of romance that pervades the mental atmosphere in spite of the feverish superficialities that for the moment throw their fleeting glamor over what Chesterton says, "is called the 'modern mind,' to distinguish it from mind."

A land where great men have nobly lived, necessarily retains some subtle and undying touch of its past. El Camino Real—The King's Highway—winding from San Diego to Sonoma was indeed a royal road, for the men who blazed that trail, also carried the message of the King of Kings along its length of 700 miles. And it is still a shining pathway where the thoughtful may find inspiration in the memory of the heroism of distant days.

It is as impossible to know California without a knowledge of the foundations of civilization laid there by the Spanish Friars, as to know Christianity without an understanding of the significance of the words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church."

Mr. Lummis, a New Englander, had a great, though perhaps only a sentimental, appreciation of the beauty and achievement of those early times on the Pacific coast, and did a great deal to awaken interest in the Spanish régime in California. But it was left for John Steven McGroarty, a Pennsylvanian by birth, to make those pioneer days live again in the marvelous pageant of the Mission Play. There is no manner of doubt but this is the most beautiful, truthful, poetical and colorful pageant on the stage today. It is a work born of love of noble ideals realized. It is the rescue from oblivion of a very important epoch in the history of California.

The Mission Play has the distinction of having a theatre built expressly for itself. This is due partly to the munificence and generous public spirit of the leading citizens of Los Angeles, and partly to popular subscription. Architecturally, it is a replica of the Mission San Antonio de Padua at King City, and is appropriate and harmonious in every detail. It is situated in its own grounds of seven and a half acres near the old Mission Church of San Gabriel, at San Gabriel, twelve miles from Los Angeles. By a curious coincidence the playhouse seats 1,492 persons—recalling the date of the discovery of America by Columbus. The walls are decorated with the banners of the different provinces of Spain; the fire screen bears the Spanish royal coat of arms; and the tableau curtain is of Spanish design. The acoustics are perfect, and the seats luxurious. There is a heating and cooling plant which insures comfort, and best of all the Mission Play itself is worth crossing the continent to see.

The costumes and color scheme are due to the labor and artistic taste of Mrs. McGroarty, wife of the author, who went to Spain for the materials and designs. So popular is the play that it is usual to meet people in Los Angeles who have seen it more than twenty times and hope to see it again. Not long ago I had the pleasure of seeing its three thousand and sixtieth performance, and it is difficult to imagine a time when the Mission Play will not be there as one of the chief attractions of California.

The author depicts vividly the story of the Franciscan missionary achievement in California, with Padre Junipero Serra, who arrived at San Diego with the first expedition under Don Gaspar de Portola in 1769, as hero. Junipero Serra was born in the village of Petra in the Island of Majorca in the far Mediterranean Sea. He was a scholar, poet, musician and orator, and had a profound genius for organization and administration, but above all he was a great priest with an unbounded zeal for the furtherance of God's kingdom on earth. Though he was fifty-six years of age when he arrived in California, his labors during sixteen years were extraordinary. The romance of the herculean achievements of that short period would be unbelievable if the proofs did not exist in the ruins of the twenty-one missions—each a day's journey apart—that once blessed the land of California. It was possible then to travel the whole length of the state without money, sure of food and shelter at the missions.

Looking at the prelude, symbolizing in pantomime the three periods of the play, the present fades away and one finds oneself gazing, half fearfully, into the invisible with the splendid skin-clad savage who intuitively sees the shadow of change, and the coming of the white conquerors. Next appears the specter of the faded military glory of the Spanish conquest, and then the spirit of the undying Faith in the Cross of Christ.

The first act depicts the hardships and discouragements of the early days, when hope deserted all but one heroic soul—that of Padre Junipero Serra; his is the only spirit that is not conquered by hunger, disease and discontent. A whole year has passed without the baptism of one Indian child, but he remains undaunted, and when Don Portola orders the whole garrison to embark for home, he refuses to go. This is one of the most thrilling of the many great scenes of the play, when in spite of threats and entreaties he declares he will remain alone. The clash of wills is tremendous. Don Portola rages. He is accustomed to command and to be obeyed, and the sympathy of the whole garrison is with him; reason and worldly prudence are also on his side, but Padre Junipero Serra has put his hand to the plow and will not turn back!

The situation is partially relieved by the Mexican neophyte running down the hill followed by a number of Indians with a baby for baptism. But alas, just as the ceremony is finished, the Indians, still suspicious, rush wildly away. The case is truly desperate. It is the darkest hour before the dawn. Don Portola stands resolute and impatient. Padre Junipero prays, "Almighty God hear my prayer. From the face of the waters, from the waves of the ocean, send us the ship that was promised." And while he is still at prayer a Spanish galleon—the relief ship—rounds Point Loma into the Bay of San Diego.

The second act opens on a scene of advanced civilization. It is a fiesta. Beautifully dressed Spanish ladies and clothed, well-fed, happy Indians, are seen entering Carmel Mission Church. The singing of the Kyrie, Gloria and Agnus Dei is heard. Immediately after the Mass there is an exhibition of the handicrafts of the Indians in the plaza, and then the day is given over to gaiety. Nothing more colorful and lovely could be seen than the dancing and singing in the plaza, with the ivy-colored cross and the shimmering waters of Carmel Bay in the background, and the padres and the superb Indian chief in full regalia looking on.

Three Spanish soldiers sum up the change brought about in the first fifteen years of the apostolate in California, in the following words.

"Ah, it is a great change that has been wrought by Padre Junipero and the padres in these fifteen years that we have been in California," says Pedro.

"A great change," echoes Andreas; "you may well say it. Madre de Dios! Were savages so stupid, so dirty, so hopeless

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ever seen as those Indians of California when we landed at San Diego fifteen years ago!"

"The Indians of San Diego are now good Christians," says Miguel. "It is a miracle. When I see these Indians work in the fields, planting seeds and reaping the harvest, when I see them making tiles and bricks and working at masonry, building churches and houses; when I see women weaving and making garments, and all these wild red men, who were naked when we found them, now wearing clothes like Christians and saying their prayers like Christians, I can hardly believe my senses."

Truly wonderful were the results of these fifteen fruitful years, and one wonders what is the secret of such extraordinary success. It seems that the answer may be found in the beautiful words of the Franciscan Friar, Junipero Serra, who, shortly before the close of his life said, "Bear me witness, I have never sought worldly honors, I have asked only to serve God in the wilderness, laboring to bring the light of Christ to the heathen."

The third act is the most touching of all though it portrays the abomination of desolation—the inevitable result of the secularization of holy places. The ruins of San Juan Capistrano are picturesque under the last rays of the setting sun. The caretaker, appointed by the Mexican government to take care of the mission cattle, and to see that the Indians remained afar from their once happy home, is asleep on a bench. Anita, the half-blooded Indian girl, whom Padre Junipero had protected from the Comandante of the Presidio at San Francisco, and her husband, both old and decrepit now, sit together dreaming of the past, while an Indian boy, who has intruded, plays "La Goldrina" on the guitar.

The Señora Josefa Yorba, beautiful with Castilian charm, comes to lay flowers on the ruined altar. She is sad and indignant as she recounts the story of San Juan Capistrano, and her visit to the missions when all was well and prosperity reigned along El Camino Real. As she finishes her reminiscences, Indians are seen approaching carrying a burden. Ubaldo, the caretaker, cries, "They must not come here." But he is conquered by the words of the señora, or perhaps his own conscience, and gives way and the Indians are allowed to enter. They lay down a rude litter upon which rests the dead body of a Franciscan Friar. "We wish to bury our dead padre in the holy ground," says Sancho, the spokesman.

Señora Yorba questions the Indians and hears that their padre has died of starvation. "Did the government drive him out?" she asks.

"No," they reply, "we were driven out and he came with us."

"And starved to death!" exclaims the señora, "starved—O God! The Lord's anointed starved! O Michael the Archangel, where is thy sword of fire! Lord God of Justice, where is Thy wrath!"

She takes the flowers from the altar to place them on the brown robe of the Friar and discovers a chalice. "Why this is the chalice of San Juan Capistrano," she cries, "it is worth a king's ransom, yet these poor starving Indians would neither steal nor sell it! O spirit of Padre Junipero Serra, look down from the starry pavements of heaven upon your work. Your dusky neophytes whom you loved so well have kept the Faith!"

She tells the Indians that the chalice must not be buried with their padre to be dug up by sacrilegious hands, that she will carry it to Santa Barbara, where the one mission altar yet remains on which the lights are still burning.

As they lift the bier Sancho says, simply, "He was our father, we his children. We will think of him always—when we speak his name at sunrise, when we say 'Good-morning, God,' and at evening when we lie down under the stars and say 'Good-night, God.'"

Then follows Señora Yorba's poignant soliloquy: "Farewell, San Juan, I shall never look upon your walls again. Farewell, dear place. Farewell, San Juan, that lingers in ruin beside the sunset sea. Sleep well, ye who shall abide here until the judgment day. Farewell, my countrymen, brown priests and all. Farewell, San Juan, farewell, farewell!"

The sorrowful and touching close of the Mission Play has its note of hope in the illumination of the cross that stands on the hillside above San Juan Capistrano.

"They have kept the Faith." The other day at the Mission San Juan Bautista I was surprised to see a lone grave—a new-made grave beside the ruin. It was covered with flowers and a natural cross cut from a tree stood at its head. The caretaker said, "That is the grave of the last full-blooded San Juan Indian. She was 108 years old and lived at Monterey, but she asked to be buried here where she was baptized and married, and the Maryknoll Fathers who have taken over the mission gladly granted her request. Her son who is eighty years of age lives here at Sargent, and is a daily communicant at the eight o'clock Mass. He is a half-breed."

So the Faith lives on, as well as the grapevine and pepper trees, and other lovely and useful things, brought to California by the Franciscan Friars of happy memory.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE CHESS-BOARD

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: The arrangement of pieces on the diplomatic chess-board of Europe illustrates very well the mechanics of American diplomacy.

In spite of thirty years of legislation to make a "career" service, there is not a "career" man at the head of the three deciding posts, Paris, Berlin, London. With the exception of Hugh Gibson, there is not a "career" man engaged visibly in a responsible position either at home or abroad in these negotiations, which are probably the most important settlements in which we have ever taken part. They affect not merely our own relations with one other nation or with several; the conduct and result of these negotiations will affect the course of the whole of Western civilization, one way or the other.

The whole system of Western government, the whole "capitalistic system" condemned by Karl Marx and his followers, is at stake. It may appear on the surface that our only object is to restore Germany to solvency, and that, therefore, the question before the London Conference is purely financial, but it goes far deeper than that.

No matter what assurance may come from official Washington that the United States refuses to be drawn into the politics of Europe, no one who knows the world situation even superficially can doubt that we are drawn into the politics of Europe inescapably, and have been undeniably drawn in ever since we came into the World War. Blinding ourselves to the facts will not help us. Clear-sighted diplomacy may. The formula would seem simple enough to state. "We are in—up to the neck. We are an essential part of the world situation. What are we going to do about it?"

Mr. Hoover was elected President, in great measure because people had a fumbling sort of recognition that we are an essential part of the world situation; because he is an "engineer" and therefore might be expected to analyze correctly and make

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conclusions clearly and practically; because, also, he has had personal experience of business and of government with all the principal peoples of the world, and might be expected to use that knowledge in the solution of problems left by the bankruptcy of European civilization, with which the United States is inextricably bound.

That situation calling for major diplomacy, he would naturally look to the professional diplomatic service. Apparently he has found in it exactly one man capable of taking the responsibility required: Hugh Gibson.

A principal point in American diplomacy is the interrelation of the Executive and of the Senate in negotiating international agreements, for it is a standing problem between Presidents and senators, exactly at what point "advice and consent of the Senate" begin to run, without which no American diplomatic undertaking has valid force. Consequently we find at two of the three principal strategic points of international diplomacy, Paris and Berlin, two ex-senators, and at London a temporary ambassadorial vacancy caused by the absence of the former presiding officer of the Senate, General Dawes, who is as much at home in Paris and Berlin as he is in his own post. It would not be surprising to learn some day from somebody's memoirs that senators have been informed in advance of everything in the present situation to which, ultimately, the Senate's advice and consent will be asked.

To this advance guard have now been added the financial guide of the government, "on a casual visit to his student son at an English university," and the only professional diplomat in whom the President seems to repose his confidence, Hugh Gibson.

Some ten days before President Hoover's "sudden" action with regard to Germany (and underneath it, to the whole impending catastrophe at home as well as abroad), Mr. William Castle, acting Secretary of State, made some remarks extremely pertinent to what was to follow, if anybody had noticed their true relation and meaning.

On the whole it would seem that nothing about this situation has been "sudden" or unprovided for in advance—and that would be consistent with Mr. Hoover's traditional way of working.

Some years ago I saw a telegram from Mr. Hoover: "How soon can you get back into Russia?" And the answer of the recipient: "Within twenty-four hours." They were shown me in illustration of Mr. Hoover's working methods. When the first Russian relief was withdrawn, having accomplished its purpose, Mr. Hoover remarked casually: "Watch their next crop. I shouldn't wonder if we were back there in six months." Taking that literally, the relief organization watched the next crop, and kept forward options on grain, storage and cars at strategic points on the Russian border. When the next crop failed, the simple interchange of laconic telegrams sent relief back for the second time, "within twenty-four hours." It would seem that the President's present action is not as sudden as it appears to be.

If his diplomatic strategy is what it reasonably seems to be, one can only admire it. There is, however, an important question in it still unanswered. What is the American professional diplomatic service supposed to be? Why has it, apparently, produced only one man in thirty years, fully capable of bearing the burden of major diplomatic negotiations?

There is no possible criticism involved here of the one man, nor of many other very able men in the service. The question is one of training, organization and use.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

QUESTIONS FOR CATHOLICS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Catholics, so it would seem, now can go along at last in peace. They have been absolved from the most awful of all sins of which they might be guilty in this free republic, namely that of political influence. John F. Moore, Y. M. C. A. secretary, has done the absolving. Here and there we hear little sighs of "God bless you, John F. Moore."

One Catholic editor manifests relief thus: "In other words, instead of dominating politics in this country, Catholics apparently refuse to have anything to do with politics."

Now there are a few, I think, in whom the "Faith once delivered to the saints" burns brightly, who will remain unconvinced of the enormity of the crime of political influence on the part of Catholics and who will regard John F. Moore's findings as a rather serious indictment of what little effect some 20,000,000 citizens can have on the power which governs them. Mr. Moore himself is amazed at it. The argument would seem to run that because they are Catholics they are of no political importance. Wherefore, then, rejoice? Is it not possible that in this rejoicing there may be a sort of tacit admission that, after all, the main purpose of Catholics in politics is really to bring the United States under the domination of Rome and that an account showing that "the number of Catholics holding political office is ridiculously small" is the best way of proving that the domination of Rome is really not the purpose of Catholics in this country? Is it then the fear of this suspicion which prevents Catholics in even a slightly impressive number from entering politics? Right here it might be asked, when has this suspicion been verified in fact, aside from all the gabble and drivel about it?

I grant of course, as was abundantly evident not so long ago, the existence of what I shall call a back-woods mentality in this matter which is quite convinced that every Catholic office-holder in the country must keep a private wire open between himself and the Vatican for constant instruction as to how he is to bring about the domination of Rome, presumably his first and only concern. But, I ask, is this malicious ignorance to deter a good man from working for the welfare of his country? Are Catholics also cowards?

Let me suggest that this abiding slander will not be silenced by turning away from it nor by rejoicings that Catholics are of no political importance, but rather by boldly facing it. If the Constitution of the United States is to remain, then a constant and vigorous defense of Article VI, Section 3, would seem to be a patriotic duty.

REV. CHARLES J. GALLAGHER, S.J.

IS IT FRANCE?

Dorchester, Mass.

TO the Editor: There are many angles from which to view European politics, other than that insular one from which comes the accusation that France is blocking the road to disarmament. It might be well to recall that, since 1855, France has really fought on the defensive. In that year she fought on the side of England against Russia, yet only sixteen years later she was fighting Prussia alone, England's sympathy being with Berlin.

Again in 1878 at Berlin, France found England, Germany and Austria joined against herself and Russia, on which occasion, Russia, by a diplomatic crime, lost the war her arms had won over Turkey, Turkey being kept in Constantinople as a

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pawn in the great balance-of-power game. Another twenty-five years passes and France is restored to favor at London through the *entente cordiale,* formed in preparation for the oncoming big war. Now that the big war is over, France is again "on the outs." She seems to be always shifting—or *is* it France?

At Versailles they said the kaiser made the war, and if they had meant the ex-kaiser's grandfather, Wilhelm I, that would have been close to the truth. However, one would be a queer moralist who could justify any of the big powers in that war. France, for example: her guilt consisted chiefly in race suicide, a standing invitation to the invader. In the forty-three years from 1871 to 1914, her population grew from 39,000,000 to 40,000,000, or less than 3 percent. In the same period Germany's population grew from 40,000,000 to 68,000,000, or 70 percent. Had France run a tie in that race, Germany would never have dared to attack her.

In 1919 the folly of France was her choice of a money settlement, which will never be paid, and a futile disarmament of Germany—whose manacles are certain to be broken; these France chose instead of her own security, which is now seriously imperiled.

The insecurity of France dates from the rise of Prussian militarism. If the kaiser made the war, French security depended upon expelling Prussia from Germany—as Prussia had expelled Austria in 1866. If Berlin was the real threat, why was the less guilty Vienna alone reduced to impotency? Why indeed, unless elsewhere there persisted a determination to preserve so valuable a makeweight in the future shifting of the balance of power?

This view finds unintentional confirmation in a Boston *Globe* editorial of July 30, which declares that, in the event of the failure of the disarmament conference, "the French bloc will then face a slowly uniting opposition headed by Germany and Italy and supported by England." Of course our "coöperation" entitles us also to a ticket of admission to the trouble.

How is disarmament ever going to end war while we still keep our laboratories? Proud man, who by his science thought to conquer all the ills of both flesh and spirit, seems now to be hoist with his own petard. Science has demonstrated how not to do it. What a step toward disarmament, what a real step toward peace, would be achieved if Germany and France, *without outside meddling,* did but unite to "keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." (Saint Paul, Ephesians.)

War is an act of the human will, and therefore it will not be abolished by mere material forces.

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

THE COUNTRY FAIR

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Your issue of July 22 contains an article by Padraic Colum descriptive of a certain town in Ireland; which for pure perversity and blind bias surpasses anything hitherto written.

What makes poor Padraic so blind that he can find neither the beauty nor tranquillity which has charmed so many other tourists and writers, but he must needs listen to and describe the squealing of the pigs and the vulgar banter of "Jack Cheap"?

Well, like water, it seems people generally find their own level, which may explain why Padraic could find no good in anything Irish.

I am surprised, however, that you should have reproduced in print his vulgar quotation from the "Jack Cheap."

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BOOKS

Early Man and Religion

The Origin and Growth of Religion: Facts and Theories, by W. Schmidt; translated by H. J. Rose. New York: The Dial Press. $5.00.

H. J. ROSE, professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews, has rendered a valuable service to the English-speaking world by translating, from the original German, the latest work of Father Schmidt. Father W. Schmidt, S.D.V., is one of the leading Catholic anthropologists, founder and editor of the international magazine, *Anthropos,* chairman of the Special Committee on Archaeological Work of the Congregation of the Propaganda in Rome, director of the Lateran Museum for Missiology and Ethnology, professor in the University of Vienna, and author of several books of great scientific value in the field of ethnology and anthropology. His greatest work is probably "Der Ursprung der Gottesidee," in three volumes, the first two volumes of which have appeared, while the third one is on the press. Since the publication of the first volume, in 1912, this monumental work has held a prominent place in the wide field of the study of comparative religion. A summary or brief outline of his detailed and copious work is contained in Father Schmidt's recent textbook on "The Origin and Growth of Religion."

After a short but most interesting introduction and some historical and preliminary remarks, the author discusses the theories of the last two centuries regarding the origin of religion. Of the nineteenth-century theories Father Schmidt analyzes naturalism, the foremost advocate of which was the Oxford professor, Max Müller, fetishism, manism or Spencer's ghost theory, and animism, the theory set up by E. B. Tylor. He then subjects to a critical examination, the twentieth-century theories of Panbabylonianism, totemism, magism and dynamism. He investigates in a most thorough way the writings of the author of "The Golden Bough," Sir J. G. Frazer, whose name is most intimately connected with some of the above-mentioned theories. After exposing the weaknesses and fallacies of these various modern isms, in the fourth part of his work the author proceeds to offer the positive side of his argument regarding the origin of religion. Here he shows the humility of a true scholar. He gives all the credit to the English scholar and writer, Andrew Lang. He shows how this Englishman was the first to oppose the "classical school" generally called animism. He reproduces the arguments of Andrew Lang, giving ethnological data to the effect that the lowest races, the most aboriginal peoples, had a belief in a supreme being, and then supplements Lang's material by new and valuable contributions. He presents all that is known of the most aboriginal tribes who believe in one supreme Being—the Australian aborigines, the pygmies, the American Indians, and a number of other primitive races.

As an ethnologist, Father Schmidt is a follower of the school of cultural history. As a writer, he is a criticist. But his criticism is constructive. He analyzes most carefully the theories in question, carries his researches to the most detailed and finest points, and contributes data and facts out of vast ethnological materials. His writings may offer difficulties to the beginner and the immature mind, but the more advanced student will derive from them great benefit and intellectual enjoyment.

Father Schmidt has a keen mind, a marvelous memory, and prodigious industry. His knowledge of all who contribute to the field of anthropology and ethnology is truly international. The present book does not convey the impression of an original

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German work, for the author is familiar with the writings of the scholars of Italy, France, England, Holland and Scandinavia, as well as those of his native country. He is also fully acquainted with American writers, such as James H. Leuba, J. R. Swanton, P. Radin, R. H. Lowie, A. L. Kroeber and others. American ethnologists, he feels, are amongst the foremost to further his effort in combating evolution and in establishing the proof that humanity from its very beginning believed in the one supreme God.

I highly recommend this work of Father Schmidt because it embodies the best of what Catholic scholarship has produced in the field of comparative religion.

ADOLPH DOMINIC FRENAY.

For Joseph Geyser

Philosophia Perennis: Treatises concerning Its Past and Present; edited by Fritz-Joachim von Rintelen. Ratisbon: Joseph Habbel. Two volumes.

THE CHINESE sage, Lao-Tse, declares that a teacher's greatest joy is a brilliant pupil. Perhaps it may be said with equal truth that a pupil—using this term in its wider meaning—hails it as a happy event to have an opportunity of paying tribute to an admired teacher. In academic circles such tribute frequently takes on the form of a scientific bouquet of learned articles contributed by former students, colleagues or admirers. At approximately the same time when the philosophical world in America acclaimed John Dewey as the dean of American philosophers and published a volume of "Essays in Honor of John Dewey" on the occasion of his seventieth birthanniversary, a similar honor was paid by philosophical circles in Germany to an outstanding neo-Scholastic on his sixtieth birthday: Professor Joseph Geyser. This present incumbent of the chair of philosophy in the University of Munich succeeded those famous standard-bearers of Aristotelian philosophy, Clemens Baeumker and Franz von Hertling, and is now the recipient of a *Festgabe,* a collection of philosophical treatises as remarkable for its list of contributors as rich in scientific value.

Professor Geyser's philosophical influence is perhaps more felt than heard of in the field of neo-Scholasticism in Europe. While preëminently a metaphysician and systematizer, he follows the temper of the time by approaching his goal by way of psychology, logic and epistemology. Among his most noteworthy contributions is a little volume of fifty pages entitled, "Eidologie oder Philosophie als Formerkenntnis," in which he outlines a new program and gives a new definition to philosophy to replace the older "Scientia rerum per ultimas causas." While Geyser may be termed an intellectualist, he does not underestimate the volitional-emotional influences, and as a critical realist he bases validity of knowledge on the intuitions of essence and relation (*Wessensschau, Sachverhaltschau*). Here he stands in contrast to his contemporary, Bruno Switalski, who dwells more on the Platonic-Augustinian elements in his "Problems of Knowledge."

The *Festgabe* is divided into two volumes. The first deals with problems pertaining to the history of philosophy, the second with those from the domain of systematic philosophy. Among the contributors to the former volume one may note such well-known neo-Scholastics as Paolo Rotta of Milan, Wunderle of Wuerzburg, Maréchal and Noël of Louvain, Grabmann of Munich, Peter Wust of Cologne, as well as Father M. F. X. Millar of Fordham University, New York. The second volume dealing with problems in every department

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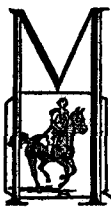

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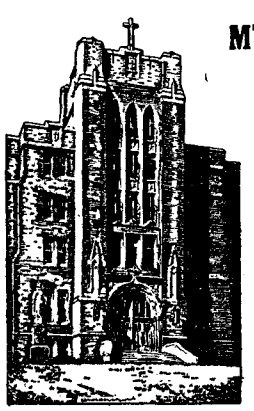

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of philosophy shows a number of appreciative articles by non-Scholastic philosophers as well. Among the names familiar to all students of Scholasticism in the United States one may mention Gilson, Roland-Gosselin, and Jacques Maritain of Paris, Krémer, Garrigou-La Grange, Gemelli of Milan, D'Arcy and Walker of Oxford, Steffes, and Hildebrand of Munich. The final three chapters furnish a comprehensive and appreciative survey of Geyser's philosophical teachings.

The whole symposium of valuable monographs exemplifies in the most practical manner that intellectual coöperation, international collaboration, and scientific cosmopolitanism which is catholic in the best sense of the word. It also justifies the traditional claim of Scholasticism as a *philosophia perennis.*

GREGORY FEIGE.

Of Birds and Little Beasts

The Wissahickon Hills, by Cornelius Weygandt. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $4.00.

THIS book is literature in the finest sense of the word. And it is the sort of literature in which America is poorest. It is not like the book of a Thoreau, who took to the fringe of the wilderness as a covert from which to shoot barbed darts at the foolish race of men. It is not like the book of a Muir, announcing to the races bred of Europe, larger mountains, bigger trees and greater horizons than their homelands knew. It is something like the book of a Burroughs, full of the love of little things and little places which are also home places. Perhaps it is most like the book of a White of Selborne; for,

"As Surrey hills to mountains grew
In White of Selborne's loving view,"

the Wissahickon hills and the valley they enfold have become a world to Professor Weygandt, a world which is yet home, a world upon which he has looked almost daily and has always found it good.

This is a rich book and a mellow one. It is a leisure book; so written and so to be read. But it is a book, too, that has power to evoke the blessed illusion of leisure for those who lack it. The author has been many years writing it; but he has been more than half a century living it. He looks at his collection of birds' eggs and remembers from what hemlock or cherry or tulip tree the little boy that used to be he filched them long ago. He can tell you the earliest date on which this tree may put forth blossom, or that birds come singing up from the south to his demesne. If few old men sit dozing over certain fishing holes nowadays and catch but little, he can tell you what their ancestors in the tribe of Walton used to catch in other days. For Cornelius Weygandt has lived near the Wissahickon all his days; and one who has looked over these hills from the porch of his house, and has wandered a bit along the banks of the brawling creek, understands why he has loved it and been content to abide by it.

The valley of the Wissahickon has the rare charm which only those places have which are wild yet friendly. Here nature soothes, inspires, puts on romantic airs but does not awe nor overpower. The creek rises in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, flows a few miles through placid farming country, plunges between steep hills and at length joins its waters with the Schuylkill. For many miles up from its mouth it is enclosed and protected by Fairmount Park. Muskrat and 'possum and 'coon still scurry along its banks, and well-nigh every kind of bird that rests a part of the year in the temperate zone visits these woods. Many have loved and written about

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the Wissahickon, most notably Poe; but few certainly ever knew it as intimately as the author of this book.

With him as companion it is good to walk the hills and the woods even in fancy. In the pages of "The Wissahickon Hills" are some of the most glowing and enamored descriptions of natural beauties ever penned by an American, and throughout the author writes with the casual ease of one who knows both his subject and his medium. It is a treasure of a book, clearly destined to become a classic.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Leatherstocking

James Fenimore Cooper, by Henry Walcott Boynton. New York: The Century Co. $5.00.

THE PAST two years have seen two memorable studies in American literature. The first, of Herman Melville, by Mr. Lewis Mumford, the second, of Hawthorne, by Mr. Newton Arvin. In such a masterly and original manner was each conceived and executed that one would like to number Mr. Boynton's "James Fenimore Cooper" a distinguished and indispensable third. Surely Cooper's contribution to American letters should give him a rightful place among our few lions.

Indispensable Mr. Boynton's book may well prove to be since the only other important work on Cooper, that by Lounsbury, was written fully fifty years ago and without access to the family papers and correspondence lent to Mr. Boynton by the novelist's grandson. Distinguished it surely is not.

When one considers the grounds for such a summary statement, not so much of disapproval as of fact, one thinks first of the nature of Mr. Boynton's book. It is a picture, yet not an interpretation; a portrait, yet not in any sense a criticism. The work of the novelist, except for its interesting genesis, is hardly touched upon; and at the close one lays aside the volume, having received a characterization sufficiently interesting perhaps, but knowing nothing at all about Cooper as an artist.

Even as a piece of portraiture the book suffers because of the monotony of its subject. Cooper was surely neither a quickened nor yet a quickening person; and it is perhaps asking too much of an author to write a distinguished book about an entirely undistinguished man. Mr. Mumford wrote of a mystic and an adventurer; Mr. Arvin of a philosopher and an individualist. James Fenimore Cooper, if we can trust Mr. Boynton's presentation, had no outstanding traits either of mind or of spirit except a rather unintelligent stubbornness, a grievous lack of tact, and a yet more grievous lack of humor.

Cooper, however, although his personality may have been uneventful, even somewhat dull, was clearly a literary man of importance in at least two countries. Most of Mr. Boynton's estimate of him as a writer is contained in the "Postscript" to his book, the one chapter which forsakes the narrative method and approaches the critical. Here, unfortunately, instead of keeping his intellectual eye fast upon his subject, he must needs, to his own hurt as well as to that of Cooper, indulge himself in ill-timed slaps at the moderns, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, H. G. Wells and others. These ventures in self-expression, as well as the tendency to address the reader rather facetiously throughout the book and to call attention to himself by rather self-conscious interpolations, discount from the dignity of his work.

New material, only now accessible, makes Mr. Boynton's book undeniably valuable to the history of American literature. It is a pity that the presentation and the interpretation of the material do not increase that value.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

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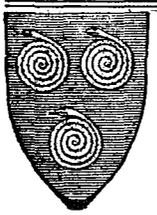
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Briefer Mention

Thomas Stearns Eliot: A Study, by Thomas McGreevy. The Dolphin Books. London: Chatto and Windus. 2/-.

THE DIVERSITY within certain well-defined limits of the poetry, if not the criticism, of T. S. Eliot, the conflict of opinions concerning Mr. Eliot's prose and poetry, and the lamentable inconclusiveness of the attempts already made to value and to "place" Mr. Eliot's writing, leave still to be written anything approaching a final study. Mr. McGreevy's monograph adds little, if indeed it adds anything at all, to what already has been written. As a "study" it is more unfortunate than helpful: to a reader seeking elucidation of some of the difficulties in Mr. Eliot's poems, this essay must seem only bewildering; to one whose perception of the poems has been immediate and who yet seeks elucidation of the profound literary background implied by the poems, it can only seem superficial and inconsequential. Here, generalization takes the place of analysis. Mr. McGreevy is often guilty of bad taste in that he does not scruple to achieve a point by force, mixing lines from several poems of different intent; ignoring even so rudimentary a step toward either an "interpretation" or a critical analysis of "The Waste Land" as a close study of Mr. Eliot's professed sources, "From Ritual to Romance" and "The Golden Bough"; and substituting for a scholarly comparison and analysis of source material and Mr. Eliot's employment of it a youthful and a fragmentary gloss. Neither wholly a "popular" essay nor a genuinely critical one, it must be put down as the appreciation of one whose reactions are diverse and still unfortunately lacking in order.

Literary Criticism in America, by George E. De Mille. New York: The Dial Press. $3.50.

IN THE absence of a complete history of American literary criticism, this volume is probably the best available work on the subject. It is both saner and more comprehensive than Foerster's "American Criticism." Mr. De Mille finds several periods in our criticism: eighteenth-century rationalism ending with the *North American Review,* established in 1815; Romanticism triumphant in the earlier Lowell and in Poe; its aftermath, the aesthetic movement of E. C. Stedman; the realism of James and Howells; and finally the still nameless contemporary revolt. A chapter each is devoted to our eight leading critics, ending with Huneker and Sherman. The volume is interesting and informative, a pleasant book to read and a good book to have at hand for reference.

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